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And we know that never a creature in pain

And the little one gazed with a glad surprise In the loving depths of those patient eyes Then lifted her lips for one long embrace

And turned with a smile on her weary face. And the mother smiled as the early mern

Where never life's storms shall her peace mo-

His dear love willed not that time should trace

Of the midnight tell and the neentide glare

The Aeston Democrat.



IT'S THE TRUTH THAT HURTS

VOL. IX.

WESTON, W. VA., MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1875.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep,

A little child rest on a bed of pain.
With an aching head and a threbsing brain;
A feveri-hithen on the soft check lies,
And a wistful look in the sweet blue eyes,
As the sick child means: "How the sle hours creep!
Will not the Lord send to His little one sleep?"

brow fair The clustering locks of her golden hair,

But we know that the Father doth all things

Addressed a prayer to His mercy in vain. Time has no line that His hand may not

smooth;
Life has no grief that His love cannot soothe;
And the fevered brow shall have rost at last,
In the healing shade from the death-cross

Look up, my precious one ; why shouldst thou weep? The Lord giveth aye to His loved ones sleep."

bank a "—
"Hold your tongue, will you?" I said,
roughly, and went out into the shop to
try and work it all off.
Luke came back soon after, looking
very strange, and I went to him directly.
"Where's the seven an' six?" I says,
auguly.

angrily.

He didn't answer, but put three half-crowns down on the desk, took out the book, made his entries—date of delivery, first payment, when the other's due, and all the rest of it—and was then going in-

Marked the deep peace on the childish form, And cried aloud in her thankfulness deep: "The dear Lord be praised, who hath given her sleep!" the house.
"Mind," I says, sharply, "those pay-"Mind," I says, sharply, "those pay-ments are to be kept up to the day, and to-nearrow you go to the Rolly's, who live nearly opposite to 'em, and tell 'em to keep an eye on the widow, or we shall lose another maching."
"You needn't 'the graid, father," he said, coldly; "And honest enough, only poor."
I was just in that humor that I wanted to quarrel with somebody, and that did it. Ay, mother-she sleeps, in that charmed re-That shall waken no more to earth's pains and woes,

For the Savior bath gathered His lamb to His

One sorrowful line on that innocent face ; Others, less favored, might suffer their share "When I ask you for your opinion, young man, you give it to me, and when I tell you to do a thing, you do it," I says, in a savage a way as ever I spice to the lad. "You go over to-morrow and tell Holly's to keep a strict lookout on those people—do you hear?"

"Father," he says, looking me full in the face, "I couldn't insuit them by doing such a thing," when, without another word, he walked quietly out of the shop, leaving me worse than ever. Others might labor, others might weep,
25th "the Lord giveth aye to His loved ones
sleep."

has grown to be profitable. Things were it a low ebb with me when I took it up. I was at my wis' end for something to do, and set with.

were at a low obb with me when I took it up. I was at my wits' oud for some-thing to do, and sat uibbling my nails one day, and grumbling horribly.

"Don't go on like that, Tom," says my wide; "things might be worse."

"How?" Issud.

"Wily, we might have Luke at home, and he is deing well."

Luke's our boy, you know, and we had got him into a merchant's office, where he seemed likely to stay.

"Things can't be worse," I said, angrily; when there was a knock at the door. leaving me worse than ever.

It was about eight o'clock that I was sitting by the parlor fire, with the wide working and very quiet, when Luke came in from the workshop with a book under his arm, for he had been toting up the men's piecework, and what was due to them, and the sight of him made me feel set if I make quarrel.

them, and the sight of him made me feel as if I must quarrel.

He saw it, too, but he said nothing, only put the accounts away and began to read.

ead.

The wife saw the storm brewing, and grily; when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said, and a fellow lodger put in his head.

"Are you good at works, Mr. Smith!" he said.

"Middling," I said, for I was fond of pulling clocks to pieces, and trying to invent.

"I wish you'd come and look at this sewing machine of mine, for I can't get it to go."

I got up to look at it, and after about an hour's fiddling about, I began to see a bit the reason why. I had my bit of like that, and after smoking in slence for

I got up to look at it, and after about an hour's fiddling about, I began to see a bit the reason why. I land my bit of dinner and tea with those people, and they forced half a crown upon me as well, and I went back feeling like a new man, so refreshing hal been that bit of work. The very next day the folks from the next house wanted me to look at theirs, and then the news spreading, as news will spread, that there was some-body who could cobble and tinker machinery, without putting people to the expense, that makers would, the jobs came in fast, so that I was obliged to get files and drills and a vice—regular set of tools by degrees; and at last I was busy as a bog from morning to night, and whistling over my work as happy as a king.

Not we got to grounding shuttles and the contract of I was done. She always gets over me like that, and after smoking in silence for half an hour, I was I jing back, with my sees closed, dropping eff to sleep, when the wife said (what had gone before I hadn't heard):

"Yes, he's asleep now."
That woke me up, of goarse, and if I didn't lie there shamming and heard all they said in a whisper!

"How came you to make him more vexed than he was, Luke?" says the wife, and he told her.

"I couldn't do it, mother," he said, excitedly, "It was heart-breaking.

"Go on, Luke," she said.
"They're half starved," he said, in a hasky way: "Oh!" mother, it's horrible. Such a sweet, beautiful girl, and the poor woman herself dying almost-with some terrible discase."

busy as a bao from morning to right, and whistling over my work as happy as a king.

Next we got to supplying shuttles and meedles and machine cotton. Soon after I bought a machine of a man who was tired of it. Next week I sold it at a good profit; bought another and another, and sold them; then got to taking them and money in exchange for new ones, and one way and the other became a regular big dealer, as you see. I've got at least three hundred on the premises, while if anybody had told me fifteen years ago that I should be doing this, I should have laughed at him.

That protty girl showing and explaining the machine to a custome? I That's Rath, that is. No, not my daughter—yet, but she soon will be. Poor girl, I always think of her and of bread thrown upon the waters at the same time. 'Carrious idea, that,' you will say, but Til tell you why. In our trade we have strange people to deal with. Most o'en are poor, and can't buy a machine right of, but are ready and willing to with some terrined discuse."

The wife sighed.

"They told me," he went on, "how hard they had tried to live by ordinary needlework, and failed, and that as a last resource they had tried to get the meaties."

and told nie fifteen years ago midd be doing this, I should sell the middle doing the middle doing

em are jeen, and can't buy a machine right off, but are ready and willing to pay so much a week. That suits them, and it suits me, if they'll only keep the payments me to the end.

The way I've been bitten by some folks has made me that case-hardened that sometimes I've wondered whether I'd got any heart left, and the wife's had to interfere, telling me I've been spoiled with prosperity, and grown unfecting. It was she made me give way about Ruth, for one day, after having land my bristles all set up by finding out that three, sound machines, by best makers, had gone nobody knew where, who should come into the shep but a hadylike-looking woman in very shabby willow's weeds. She wanted a machine for herself and daughter to learn, and raid she had heaved I would she was all wowed in the heavel of woments, between her lands; for any shad she had heavel. I would take the she ways did wowed in the heavel of woments, between her lands; for a few moments, between her lands; for a few moments, between her lands; for the shep ways did ways did wowed in the control of the shep ways did wowed in the charge of the shep ways did wowed in the course of the control of the course of the co She didn't answer at him, and then said, softly:

"They paid you the first money?"

"No," he says, hotly. "I hadn't the heart to take it."

"Then that money you paid was yours, Luke?"

"Yes, mother," he says, simply; and those two stopped looking one at the other, till the wife bent down and kissed him, holding his head afterward, for a few moments, between her hands; for she always did worship that chap, our only one; and then I closed my eyes tight, and went on breathing heavy and the heart would break; while ou the bed, with all the look of pain gone out of her thinking.

was so busy over it that she did not hear me knock; so I opened the door softly, and looked in upon as ad a scene as I shall ever, I dare say, see.

There in the bare room sat, asleep in her chair, the widow lady who came about the machine, and I could see that in her face which told plainly enough that the pain and suffering she must have been going through for years would soon be over; and, sitnated as she was, it give me a kind of turn.

"It's no business of yours," I said to myself, roughly; and I turned then to look at who it was bending over my machine.

chine. I could see no face, only a slight figure in rusty black; and a pair of busy white hands were trying very hard to govern the thing, and to learn how to use it well

use it well.

"So that's the gal, is it?" I said to myself.

"Ah! Luke, my boy, you're got to the silly calf age, and I dare

got to the silly calf age, and I dare say"—
I got no further, for at that moment the girl started, turned round, and turned upon me a timid, wondering face, that made my heart give a queer throb, and I couldn't take my eyes off her.

"Hush!" she said softly, holding up her hand; and I saw it was as thin and transparent as if she had been ill.

"My name's Smith," I said, taking out a scrowdriver. "My machine; how does it go? Thought I'd come and see."

Her face lit up a moment, and she came forward eagerly.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said, "I can't guite manage this."

She pointed to the thread regulator, and the next minute I was showing her that it was too tight, and somehow, in a gentle, timid way, the little witch quite got over me, and I stopped there two hours helping her, till her eyes sparkled with delight, as she found out how easily she could now make the needle dart in and out of hard material.

"Do you think you can do it now!" I said.

"Oh, yes, I think so; I am so glad.

"Oh, yes, I think so; I am so glad

"On, yes, I time se, I will you came."

"So am. I," says I, graffly; "it will make it all the easier for you to earn the money, and pay for it."

"And I will work so hard," she said,

"And I will work so hard," she said, carnestly.

"That you will, my dear," I says, in spite of myself, for I felt sure it wasn't me speaking, but something in me. "She been ill long?" I said, nodding toward her mother.

"Months," she said, with the tears starting in her pretty eyes; "but," she added, brightly, "I shall have enough with this to get her good medicines and things she can fancy," and as I looked at her, something in me said:

"God bless you, my dear! I hope you will;" and the next minute I was going down stairs, calling myself a fool.

They thought I didn't know at home,

you will; and the next name I was going down stairs, calling myself a fool.

They thought I didn't know at home, but I did; there was the wife going over and over again to Bennett's place; and all sorts of nice things were made and laken there. I often used to see them talking about it, but I took no notice; and that artful secondurel, my boy Luke, used to pay the half-crown every week out of his own pocket, after going to fetch it from the widow's.

And all the time I told myself I didn't like it, for I could see that Luke was changed, and always thinking of that girl—a girl not half good enough for him. I remembered being poor myself, and I hated poverty, and I used to speak tharshly to Luke and the wife, and feel very bitter.

At last came an afternoon when I knew there was something wrong. The wife had gone out directly after dinner, saying she was going to seen sick woman. I have when it was bless yout learned.

whe had gone out urceys a ref anner, saying she was going to see a sick woman—I knew who it was, bless you!—and Luke was fidgeting about, not himself; and at last he took his hat and went out.

"They might have confided in me," I said, bitterly; but all the time I knew

At last I got in such a way that I call-

and town our foreman, left him in charge and took my hat and went after them.

Everything was very quiet in Bennett's place, for a couple of dirty, deliceted-looking women, one of whom was in arrears to me, had sent the children that played in the court right away because of the noise, and were keeping gnard so that they should not come back.

mut then I opened the door gently and
usuatin.

Luke was there, standing with his
head bent by the sewing machine; the
wife sat in a chair, and on her knees,
with her face buried in the wife's lap,
was the poor girl, crying as if her little
heart would break; while on the bed,
with all the look of pain gone out of her
face, lay the widow—gone to meet her
husband where pain and sorrow are no
more.

To make it worse, too, I sent the thing home without charge, Luke going with it, for he was back at home now keeping my books, being grown into a fine young fellow of five-and-twenty, and I sat down and growled the whole of the weal-twenty, and I sat down and growled the whole of the weal-twenty, and I sat down and growled the whole of the weal-twenty, and the weal-minded idiots under the sun, and telling the wife that business was going to the dogs, and I should be ruined.

"You onglit to be ashuned of yourself, Tom," she said.

"So I am," says I. "I didn't think I could be such a fool."

"Such a fool as to do a good, kind action to one who was evidently a lady born, and come down in the world.

"Yes," says the wife, "and cleared hundreds of pounds. Foun, I'm ashan ton machines in five years."

"Yes," says the wife, "and cleared hundreds of pounds. Foun, I'm shanned of you—youa man with twenty workmen busy up stairs, a couple of thousand pounds' worth of stock, and in the bank a."—

"Hold your tongue, will you !" I said, where is a say if the pass of the same say a gentleman not so well of an and two or three tools in my pocket.

It was not far to Bennett's place, and no getting to the right house I asked for Mrs, Murray, and was directed to the second floor, where, as I reached the bank a."—

"Yes," says the wife, "and cleared hundreds of pounds. Foun, I'm ashan not so was so busy over it, that she did not hear was so busy over it, that she did not hear was so busy over it, that she did not hear was so busy over it, that she did not hear was so busy over it that she did not hear was so busy over it, that she did not hear was so busy over it that she did not hear was so busy over it that she did not hear was so busy over it, that she did not hear was so busy over it, that she did not hear was so busy over it that she did not hear was so busy over it that she did not hear was so busy over it that she did not hear was so busy over it that she did not hear was so busy over it that she did not hear was so busy ove ing her husband that is to be the finest fellow under the sun; and let me tell you there is many a gentleman not so well off as my boy will be, even if the money has all come out of a queer trade.

A Story to the Sit down on the porch, children, and let me tell you about Aunt Rachel, and the story she one told me. One day, when I was about twelve years old, I had planned to go after strawberries, but

when I was about twelve years old, I had planned to go after strawberries, but Aunt Rachel said to me: "A girl of your age should begin to learn how to do housework. Take off your hat, roll up your sleeves, and help me do the baking."

I ponted and signed and shed tears but was encouraged by the promise that I might go after the baking. Under good Aunt Rachel's direction I mixed a big loaf of bread, placed it on a tin as bright as a new dollar, and was rubbing the flour off my hands when she called the flour off my hands when she called out: "This will never, never do, child —you haven't scraped your bread-bowl clean."

I shall never forget the picture she

made standing there, her eyes regarding me sternly, one hand resting on her hip, while in the other she held the untidy

while in the other sie held the unitaly bowl.

"It will never do, child," she went on; "it is not only untidy, but it makes too much waste; to be a good house-keeper you must learn to be economical. You have heard the story of the young man who wanted an economical wife?"

"No," It answered, and I might have added that I didn't wish to hear it either.

added that I didn't wish to hear it either.

"Well," she continued, "he was a very likely young man, and he wanted a caroful wife, so he thought of a way he could find out. One morning he went to call upon the different girls of his acquaintance, and asked them each for the scrapings of their bread-bowls to feed his horses. You see they all wanted him, so they got all they could for him. Finally he found a girl who hadn't any, so he asked her to be his wife, because he thought she must be economical. thought she must be economical, ow," said Aunt Rachel, triumphantly,

Now," said Aunt Rachel, triumphantly,
"suppose a young man should ask you
for the scrapings of your bread-bowl,
what could you say?"
"What could I say?" I repeated,
scornfully, "why. I'd tell him if he
couldn't afford to buy oats for his horses
they might starve. I wouldn't rob the
pig to feed them."
I suppose Aunt Rachel thought that
lesson was all lost on m; but as true as
you live, I never knead the bread to this
day without thinking of her lesson in
economy.—Detroit Free Press.

A Balloon Reconnoissance.

The Count de Paris gives, in his "History of the Civil War in America," the following vivid description of a balloon reconnoissance:

While the two hostile armies observed whether the two hostile armies observed by the country of t

loon reconnoissance:

While the two hostile armies observed cach other between Arlington and Fairfax Court House, a ballouey was sent up every evening to reconnoitre the surrounding country. It was the only means of getting sight of the enemy. As soon as we rose allow the primeval trees which surrounded the former residence of Gen. Lee, the view extended over an undulating country, covered with trees, dotted here and there by little clearings, and bordered on the west by the long range of the Blue Ridge, which recalls the first lines of the Jurn.

Thanks to the bright light which illumines the last hours of an autumn day in America, the observer could distinguish the slightest details of the courtry, which appeared below us like a map in relief. But in vain does the eye seek the apparent signs of war.

Pence and tranquility seem to reign everywhere. The greatest attention is necessary to discover the recent clearings, at the edge of which a line of reddish earth marks the new fortifications. However, as the day declines, we see to ke south little blaish lines of smoke rising gently above the trees. They multiply by groups, and form a vast semi-

to some time binsh lines of smoke rising gently above the trees. They mul-tiply by groups, and form a vast semi-circle. It is the Confederates cooking their supper. You may almost count the roll of their army, for every smoke betruys the kettle of a half-section. Further off, the stems of a learnessing

Further off, the steam of a locomotive lying towards the mountain, traces by a ine drawn through the forest the rail-oad which brings the enemy their proalying towards the mountain, traces by a line drawn through the forest the raily road which brings the enemy their provisions. At the same moment a strain of military music is heard below the balloon. All the clearings, where we sought in vain to discover the Federal camp, are filled by a throng coming out of the woods that surrounds them. This throng arranges itself, and forms in battalious. The music passes in front of the ranks with that pentilar march which the Eoglish call the "goose-step."

Each battalion has two dags, one with the antional colors, and the other with its number and the arms of its State. These flags are dipped, the officers a late, the colonel takes command, and moment after all the soldiers disperse; for it is not an afarm nor a preduce to march forward which has brought them thus together, but the regular evening parade.

The Harvest and the Prospect.

The Harvest and the Prospect.

For the first forty days of summer it was constantly dry, and the grain and lany were starved down to half, or, at most, three-quaters of a crop; and then came the rain, too late to help the crop, but just in time to prevent the possibility of harvesting in good condition even what there was of it. From the consequences of this departure from the happy order of nature half Europe sees before it in the near future the calamity of dear bread; and we ourselves have land such an experience of this perversity of the elements as will impress the lesson deeply in the economical tables, though, fortunately, our experience is not that of Europe. Our hay crop has, perhaps, suffered most; for, though there is a good crop on all the low meadows, the loss by thimesa and poor quality at all points where rains in May and early June are necessary to give a good result, will reduce the yield to a lifth or sixth less than is obtained in a good year. Our farmers are, therefore, noorer by at least one hundred and fifty million dollars, on this one count. Perhaps the first estimate is more nearly accurate, for the higher price that is of course the immediate consequence of the short crop will establish the equilibrium against whatever is lost in excess of that sun. All the loss by grasshoppers and potato bugs will not equal the loss of hay; but with these losses added to that the sun represents an enormous addition to the regular burdens of the same

loss of hay; but with these losses andeau to that the sum represents an enormous addition to the regular burdens of the agricultural interest, though, by the same machinery of the adaptation of prices, the burden will be distributed more or less evenly over all classes.

But though we have not altogether escaped the evil consequences of the disastrously exceptional weather of the year, we have reason to congratulate ourselves on a happy escape by comparison with what has happened in the Eastern hemisphere, and on the advantageous position in which we stand with regard to the markets with our grain crops. All over Europe the weather has been had, but worst in France. There is little precise knowledge of what has happened in the great grain districts of the Black sea country, but the general reports indicate that the yield will be less than usual and the quality poor. All the valley of the Dambe has suffered by the weather. In France more is due to the general bad weather than to the destructive inundations, but the inundations themselves seriously disturb the balance of supplies in that country.

The fact that always produced famine and pestilence in the valley of the Garoune down to the lifteenth century now moves the current of supplies toward that district from other parts of France. But what is the condition of the crops in the places upon which that current must draw? In the center of France, in the southeast, in the west and the north, the cereals are in a bad state. Though these countries are not immudated they had continued dry weather through April and May, and then for the few weeks before harvest heavy continuous rains, so that the crop is small through the condition in which it was harvested. Outside of France the first draught is upon Algeria, and there also the crop has been exposed to the same conditions and is in the same state. France, therefore, must buy largely. Eagland, as is already known, must also buy largely, and Germany and the eastern districts will, perhaps, eateen themselves fortunate whose leaves will be the dearer for the competition of European hunger; but this small addition to the people's expenditure will be more than compensated by the impulse that will be given to every branch of industry as a consequence of the general activity that this current of supplies toward Europe will set in motion. If people get employment at fair wages out of an event that the same time adds a cent to the price of every loaf they will scarcely grumble about that cent.

Domas and his Picture.

The following characteristic story is told of Alexander Dumas, the author: An artist brought him a picture and

"I do not ask you to buy this canvas, only put it into a lottery; your connections are extensive, and you can easily dispose of the tickets."

Dumas - cousents, and advances the required sum to the needy artist. Then he cuts out fifty squares of paper, adorns then with pretty numbers, take half himself and offers the rest to his acquaintances. But that which succeeds

makers, had gone nebody knew where, who should come into the skep but a haly like-looking woman in very shably wildow's weeds. She wanted a machine for herself and daughter to learn, and in order to get said she had heard I would take the money by installments. Now just half an hour before, by our old shop clock, I had made a vow that I'd given pall that part of the trade, and I was rough with here.—just as I am when I'm cross—and said, "No." I'm the lady gives security," says my wife, hastly.

The poor woman gave such a woobegone look at as that it made me more out of temper than ever, for I could feel that if I stopped I should have to let he had be as grown man, and that he was hinking and feeling as I first thought and feely was a rough with meritain and feel when I saw his mother, night paper light and there have one at her own terms. And so it was; for I let her have a first-class in each intended and have to let an and the control of the paper had come upon me. I was gong the little head brown the saw as a mast like before my eyes; but I was for I let her have a first-class in a feeling as I first thought in forward, as if to protect the girl, and the visit look at me that if made me more out of temper than ever, for I could feel that if I stopped I should have to let he was a grown man, and that he was hinking and feeling as I first thought in forward, as if to protect the girl, and the was the poor girl, crying as if her little head break; while on the bed, with lat least would break; while on the bed, with the the wife back of pain gone out of her husband where pain and sorrow are no nor.

Wery Dirty.

The Each battalion has two flags, one with the tentional colors, and the other with its number and the armso of its State. Those flags are dispetal, the there will the tentional colors, and the other with the tentional colors, and the other with the tentional colors, and the other with the mathine is number as of the state. These flags are dispetal, the color of the title to much of the with the tention

NO. 5.

And That's the Way He Felt. The Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald tells the following story: He had a wooden leg, three fingers were gone from the left hand, and he had to use a crutch.

leg, three fingers were gone from the left hand, and he had to use a crutch. In the dusk of the evening he sat down on a dry goods box on the street corner, and striking the ground with his crutch, he exclaimed:

"Well, old pard, the war's over! (Simme your hand—shake hard!"

He shook the crutch with hearty good will, and continued:

"There's no more Reb—no more Yank! We're all Americans, and standing shoulder to shoulder—South Carolina alongside Massachusetts—we can lick the boots off'n any nation under the sun!"

ne wancd awhile and then went on:
"No more skirmishes—no more fouts.
Uncle Robert is dead, Gen. Grant wants
peace, and they're melting up swords
and bayonets to make cotton mill machinery! We're about through camping
out, old pard, and we hain't sorry—not
a bit!"

He leaned the crutch against the box.

If leaned the crutch against the box, lifted his wooden leg, and said:

"Lost a good leg up at Fredericksburg when I was under Barksdale, and Burnsale thought he could whip old Uncle Robert and Stonewall Jacksda, and Burnsale thought he could whip old that day, when the Yanks haid their pontoons and gotup and got for us! And when we got up and got for them, wasn't it red hot!"

He stopped to ponder for a while, and his voice was softer as he said:

"But I forgive 'em! I took the chances—and lost. I'm reaching out now to shake hands with the Yank who shot me, and I'll divide my tobaceo haff and half with him. It was a big war. Yank and Reb stood right up and show depluck, but it's time to forgive and forget."

He cut a clew off his plug, took off

He cut a chew off his plug, took off his battered hat and looked at it, and

continued:
"Didn't we all come of one blood?
Hain't we the big American nation?
Isn't this here United States the biggest plautation on the river, and is there a nation in the world that dares knock the chip off our shoulder?

" Maryland, my Maryland, Michigan, my Michigan,"

He put down his leg, looked at his

He put down his leg, looked at his crippled hand, and solitopuized:
"Three flugers gone—hand used up, but I'm satisfied. Folks who go to war expect to feel bullets. We stood up to the Yanks—they stood up to us—it was fair fight, and we got licked. Two flugers hain't as good as five, but they are good enough to shake hands with! Come up here, you Yanks, and grip me! We raise cotton down here—you raise corn up ther—less trade!"
He lifted his crutch, struck it down hard, and west on:

He lifted his critical strick it down hard, and west on:
"Durn a family who'll fight each other! We've got the biggest and best country that ever laid out doors, and if any foreign despot throws a club at the American eagle, we'll shoulder arms and shoot him into the middle of next week!"

week!"

He sat and pendered while the shadows grew deeper, and by-and-bye he

d: "There's lots of graves down here-"There's lots of graves down here-there's heaps o' war orphans up North; I'm crippled up and half sick, but I'm going to get up and hit the onery cuss who theres say a word ag in either. We've got through fighting—we're shak-ing hands now, and durn the man who We've got through fighting—we're staking hands now, and durn the man who says a word to interrupt the harmony! It's one family—ole Uncle Sam's boys and gals and bubies, and we're going to live in the same house, cat at the same table, and turn out bigger crops than any other ranch on the globe."
He rose up to go, rapped on the box with his cratch, and continued:
"Resolved, That this glorious old family stick right together in the old homestead for the next million years to come!"

sensated with this gorious old family stick right together in the old lomestead for the next million years to come?

Orange and lemons, Dranges and Lemons, Orange and lemon plantations, in the Mediterranean countries, are called garderic million and the larges many thousands. The first is gathered in baskets similar to peach baskets, lined with canyas, the basket being held by an strup attached and passed around the neck or shoulders. From the garden the first goes to the repaching magazine, where it is removed from the boxes, in which it was packed in the gardens, and repacked for shipment by experienced female packers, after having been carefully assorted by women, and wrapped in separate papers by young girls. As many as 500 wersons, mostly women and children re employed by some of the regathers, sort a shipmen. by women, and wrapped in separate papers by young girls. As many as 500 persons, mostly women and children, are employed by some of the fruit grovers in their gardens and magnaines, and offers the metric and the second strings for shipment, the wages paid them varying from nine to sixteen ceats a day. A full grown orange tree yields from five high grown orange high grown orange tree yields from five high grown orange hig first time. Dumas ofters them in vain; he sight, and takes ten more numbers, which is sight and takes ten more numbers, and arrives at the bearing state in three says to himself. At has a visitor comes or five years, as does the lemon tree, who lets himself be tempted. But six months pass without another person being taken in.

In the mean time the gentleman who took the single number besieges Dumas with letters, and saks him, in pressing the properties of t

The Democrat.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

rates to parties desiring more than o

A lie which is a part of a truth,
Is ever the blackest of lies.
For a lie which is all a lie.
May be met and fought with outright,
list a lie which is part of a truth,
Is a harder matter to fight.
— Trangach.

Items of Interest.

A national ode-The public debt. Being threadbare is a terrible bear to

The great feature at seaside resorts. The big bill-owes.

The great feature its seasure resorted.

The big bill-owes.

Carlyle's recommendation was: "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world."

A flock of hens in Fairhaven, Vt., have been fed so much on raw meat that they kill and eat all the young chickens that come among them.

A woman named Adelaide Robin, fifty years of age, threw herself from an attie window in Paris not long ago, being a victim of unrequited love.

William Sangborn, of Medway, Me.,

and be cheerful."

Who can sound the depths of a woman's love ! A "Smoky City" policeman shot a drunken husband while beating his wife, and now she is prosecuting him who perhaps saved her life.

A Frenchman has discovered a method of making paper incombustible, and it will doubtless prove of great value to a nation that has her public records burned so often as the one in which he belongs.

Burglars are common in Atlanta—too

Burglars are common in Atlanta—too common. When a family man goes home at night he has to hide behind the gate post and bawl out, "It'sme, my deariest," at the top of his voice, in order to keep from being shot.

The superintendent of a Sunday-school in Washington is an undertaker, and there is some talk of asking him to resign because he makes the children sing "I would not live always" regularly every Sunday.

Sixty miles north of Duluth, Minn., an iron mountain has been discovered which rivals its namesake in Missouri. It is eight miles long, one and a half miles wide, and 1,200 feet above the level of Lake Superior.

A recent number of the Chicago Tribione serves up the murder and robbery of one day in several columns of elaborately headed matter, one of the lines reading: "Several plain, unassuming murders committed out West."

A certain young gentleman of Evanstan Ind recording secondarials habite. A certain young gentleman of Evans

A certain young gentleman of Evans-ton, Ind., recently accompanied a lady to a train to see her safely started on her journey. He carried her railroad ticket in his pocket for safety, and found it there, when he reached home, some hours after the train left. Scientists have at last found out what tobacco smoke is—a mixture of eyanly-

scientists have at last found out what black the stank. It who drie, surplureted hydrogen, forme, acciony! the propionie, butyric, valerianic and boys carbolic acids, half adozen kinds of alkong to louis and crosote. We don't wonder the same insumitarians declare that it is killing people.

Act supposed Louis Vallege of Meant.

made on the transits of Venus in 176 and 1769, was 95,280,000 miles. The within a few years past the accuracy of within a few years past the accuracy of this determination was not called in question. So lately as 1854, Dr. Lard-ner, in his "Hand-book of Astronomy," affirmed that Encke's value of the dis-tance could not vary from the truth more than its three-hundredth part. Quite recently, however, astronomers have been led, by various considerations, to regard the distance as somewhat too great, and hence the results of the ob-servations in December, 1874, with the improved instruments of modern conto him from afar:

"Will the lottery be drawn soon?" Tried of waiting, and in order to get rid of the troublesome man, Dumas takes the other fourteen tickets, which gives him forty-nine out of the lifty. He then proceeds to draw the lottery, and, to cap the climax, it is the gentleman with the one ticket who draws the picture.

Profiting by Grasshoppers.

Minnevota citizens are making profit out of the counties of that State, where the authorities offered a generous prize per bushel for grasshoppers, the inhabitants roasted the insects, thereby doubling their size and the roward. They also went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went to the metallow of the counties of that State, where the authorities offered a generous prize per bushel for grasshoppers, the inhabitants roasted the insects, thereby doubling their size and the roward. They also went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went in the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and "went in the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and improved instruments of modern c struction, have been looked for with lively interest. The discussion of the

cupital likenesa."

"Wa'al, 'tain't; no use talkin', I tell
you 'tain't;''

"Well, why? Can't you tell us why
it ain't a good likeness?"

STOLEN LETTERS.—A Marblehead
(Mass.) correspondent of the Boston
News charges that fifteen hundred and
uinety-eight letters sent to his address "Yes, easy enough. Don't you see increased ho has got his hand in his own pocket home the "Twould be as good ag'in if he had it in somebody clse's!"

"Yes, easy enough. Don't you see have been stolen by some one Boston post-office during the pamonths, and estimates his less that over \$2,000 a year.

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